THE Maids Complaint AGAINST THE BATCHELORS: OR AN Easter-Offering FOR YOUNG MEN AND APPRENTICES.

Passionately setting forth

The Unkindness of Men, with their Slighting the good Old way of Matrimony, and forcing several Thousands of Ripe and Willing Virgins to Spin out Miserable Lives on Earth for want of Husbands, and lead Apes in Hell after their Death.

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The Maids Complaint againſt the Batchelors:

OR,

The Longing Virgins Lamentation.

THough Grave People tell us that *Modeſty* is the beſt Ornament of our Sex, and endeavour to ſilence us with an old muſty Proverb, That *Maids ſhould be ſeen and not heard*; yet we find our ſelves at preſent obliged to diſpenſe with theſe Formalities, and under a neceſſity of publiſhing our *Juſt Complaints* as loud as the Preſs can ſpeak them: The inſufferable Carriage of you, *Barbarous Batchelers!* hath reduced us to this Extremity: Too long, Alas! *too long* have we endured your Cruelties, and born, beyond all Patience, your Neglects and Ill-uſage: How often have we *Sighed* in private, and made *Vows* to Heaven in *Vain* for the *Bleſſing* of Husbands? The ſilent Language of our *Bluſhes* has ſufficiently ſpoke our Paſſion; and you might (had you not been *Inſenſible*) have read our deſires plainly Legible in

our *Languishing Eyes*: As soon as we Arrived at the Long-wisht for *Teens*, what *Arts* have we not used to engage your rambling Affections? How have we made it our Business to spruce up and finifie our selves that we might appear to the best Advantage? Witness our perpetual *Washings*, *Combings*, *Curlings*, *Powderings* and a thousand Chargeable Devices of the *Tailer*, and the *Tire-woman*, our studied Behaviour, various *Dresses*, affected Postures, tempting *Smiles*, and *Amorous Glances* whereby we even darted our very *Souls* at you, were all but so many modest *Invitations* for you to *fall on*; yet (*Cowards* that you are) you seem still to *decline* the Encounter, and view us with no more *Passion*, than if we were only Ivory *Statues*, or so many handsome *Pictures*. Can you think we were at all this trouble for nothing; or imagine that we would ever have *Trimm'd* up these *Tenements* of our Bodies so Curiously, but with an intent to *Lett them*? must you not confess your selves *Inhumane*, and more Uncharitable than Beasts and Savages to suffer so many plump *Virgins* to Languish and Pine away with the *Green-Sickness*, when it lies solely in your Power to Relieve them?

Perhaps you may Alledge in your own Defence, That you have been ready on all Occasions to offer your *Assistance*, but Alas! it was by *such* a Method of Cure as was worse than the Disease; Palliating the *White Feaver* with the more grievous Plague of a *Timpany*.

We know well enough, *Young-Men*! what you would be at; you are willing enough to *Break Bulk*, but

but not *Pay Custome*; and would *Board* us without Priviledge from the *Parson*; which, neither our *Honour*, nor *Interest* can admit: such Slippery *Blades* are not to be trusted without being Tyed to the good *Behaviour* with the Enchanted Cable of a *For Better for Worse* Our Prudent Mothers, from sad Experience, have often read us Lectures against that Folly of hazarding the stock of our *honesty* in the leaky bottom of your Insignificant *promises*: Come, come, we remember what you have formerly told us, that an Amorous *Perjury* is but a necessary *failing*; and that *Jupiter* puts the *Vows* of Lovers in a *bottomless* Bag, never to rise up in Judgement against them: and therefore, though we would gladly be *Trading* in an honest civil way, yet we conceive the times somwhat hard, and have no inclination to try Peoples Charity with a *Fatherless* Bantling at our Backs; and therefore resolve with the Song.

—— Or Marry or else forsake us,
For having fill'd our Belly's and your desires,
You'l be burn'd before you will take us.

But the plain truth is, to our unspeakable grief we find you such *Heathen* Libertines, that the Divine and most *comfortable* Institution of *Matrimony*, is grown odious, or at least contemptible to most of you: As if the *Common* afforded sweeter Rapture than the *Inclosure*, or durty Puddle-water that every one lies *dabling* in, were to be preferred before a private Spring: A *Miss*, a *Miss*, is the only thing; and there is scarce a *Prentice* of sixteen, but puts the *Chouse* upon his Master

to-

to help maintain some small piece of *Harlotry* abroad: you count *Fornication* but a *Venial Trifle*, and yet think honest Marriage an unpardonable sin. A Whore is become a necessary *Appurtenance*, and to keep her *nobly* part of the Character of a *Gentleman*; whilst to love a Mans own *Wife* is voted worse than *Cuckoldry*, and an Infallible mark of a Sot and a Fop. *Brisk* and *Airy* is the Word (in plain *English*, *Rompish* and *Impudent*) and to be honest, or modest, you count *Ill-breeding* in a Woman. There is scarce any of you that Court *Beauty* seriously, and *Vertue* none at all: your pretences of making *Love* to us, are only, either baits to *debauch* us, or designs to get our *Money*: If ever you venture to Marry us, we do but *purchase* contempt and slavery for term of Life; and *sell* our selves at the Price of our Portions: Not to say of our *Health* and *Lives* too, though 'tis most seriously true, that your Bodies are generaly as *filthy* as your Souls, and fuller of Diseases than an *Hospitall*. We will not tell you of your *dissimulations* and perfideousness, nor yet of your flatteries and breach of *Vows*, since you glory in all these, as your choicest accomplishments; and we cannot be so impertinent as to be angry with you: for sure in your present *Reprobate-state* you are worthy none of your passions but Horn. Hence forwards therefore, when you *whine* and *fawn* on us, we will only be so kind as to *Laugh* at you. 'Twill be rare diversion to see you like *Monkies* acting your passionate Amours with a thousand *ridiculous* Grimaces; repeating shreds of *Plays* instead of Natural wit, which you are strangers to: and *hiring* Poets to write most passionate Letters of *dull nonsense* to us. To observe what little silly tricks

tricks you use to *Charm* us with variety of *gay Cloths*; till you have either made the *Confiding Taylor* a Bankrupt, or he has got you in *Limbo* for your entrusted bravery; and then at last having wasted both your *Estates* and *Bodies*: How you either are trappan'd into the dreadful Marriage *Noose* by a Common Strumpet, under pretence of a *Fortune*, or doat in good earnest on some *greasie Kitchin-wench*, or at best are glad meerly for a wretched Lively-hood, to Wed some ugly deformed most *abominable* old Widdow of fourscore, who frights you out of your little wits in the day-time by her Meager *looks*; and in the Night with her everlasting *Cough* and nasty Rheumes.

One of these *Chances* is certainly your Fate; and therefore be advised in time: leave off these silly extravagant *Rambles* attended with nothing but *shame* and Infamy, and List your selves amongst honest drudging good *Common wealths-men*, who take care both for the *necessities* of the time present, and the *Interests* of Posterity, so as to People the World in the next Age with the *Labours* of a lawful Bed, and not a *spurious* Issue: Then shall you find that the embraces of a *modest* Wife are not only more *cheap* and *wholesome*, but much more *pleasant* than the treacherous Dalliances of a wanton *Miss*, though never so *sprightly* or well skill'd in all the modes of *Petulancy*: and that the Feaverish heats of never-satisfied *Lust* are no more to be compared to the comfortable and constant warmth of a well-grounded *Love*, than *Bristoll* stones are to real *Diamonds*.

And in this hope, that you will lay these considerations to heart, and for the future behave your selves more

more *kindly*, and prevent us from the neceſſity of running into *Nunneries*, or *leading Apes* in Hell (both which are ſo *contrary* to our inclinations, that we dread nothing more) we commit you to the Counſel of your *Pillows*, and reſt if you pleaſe,

Your very ready and
most affectionate
Servants.

Given at our general Aſſembly in *Fanciers* Theatre, this *Eaſter*-Eve.

FINIS.